Eng. Poetry vol 50.

LORD CH----M's

# PROPHECY,

AN

# ODE;

Addreſſed to

## LIEUTENANT GENERAL G-GE.

WITH

## EXPLANATORY AND CRITICAL NOTES,

BY THE EDITOR.

---

Paſtor cum traheret per freta navibus
Idæis Helenen perfidus hoſpitam,
Ingrato celeres obruit otio
Ventos,---ut caneret fera
Nereus fata.

HOR. ode XV. lib. i.

The ſoul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light, thro' chinks which time has made.

WALLER.

---

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M,DCC,LXXVI.

TO THE REVEREND

# DOCTOR PRICE.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR Philoſophical Obſervations on the Nature of Civil Liberty, firſt ſuggeſted the idea of writing this Ode:---You have, therefore, an unalienable claim to the Dedication; and as I have not the honour of being a Miniſter, I feel no propenſity to deprive you of your juſt rights.---Accept of it, Sir, as a mark of reſpect and gratitude, from one, actuated by the ſame principles, the ſame ardent attachment to the conſtitution of Britain, and the rights of mankind, which have ſo honourably diſtinguiſhed you.---

I am, Dear Sir,

With the higheſt reſpect,

Your moſt obliged,

And faithful ſervant,

London, April 16, 1776.

The AUTHOR.

LORD CH---- M's

# PROPHECY.

## I.

WHEN boaſting G-ge was hurry'd o'er
To dye his ſword in Yanky gore
And plead Britannia's right,
Wiſe Ch----m, with indignant ſmile,
Harangu'd in this prophetic ſtyle,
Bute lent him----*Second Sight!*

" Ye Gods! I ſee the mortal ſtrife"
I ſee Lord Percy and thy wife
Shut up in yonder lines;
Brave Putnam cuts off all relief,
From Noddle-iſland drives your beef,
" And the whole army pines."

## II.

Intrepid Gr--v-s triumphant floats
To * tythe new hay, and tax fiſh-boats,
Yet, G-ge, you feel diſgrace!

* To evince the practicability of taxing and coercing America, the admiral (it is ſaid) compelled the Boſtonians to pay tribute, not to Cæſar, but to himſelf, for permiſſion to catch fiſh for the uſe of the garriſon.---As North America is *virtually* included in Stepney pariſh, this politic naval commander thought it his duty to collect the tythes and firſt-fruits for the benefit of his chaplain; and by this ſpirited meaſure, aſſerted and maintained the conſtitutional ſupremacy (civil and eccleſiaſtical) of Great Britain over all her rebellious colonies.

By rifleмen your ſoldiers die,
Young Hotſpur won't diſdain to fly
The firſt---at * Chevy Chace.

III.

In vain your † plumed corps ‡ Smith cheers,
And § high-cap'd Britiſh grenadiers,
Long us'd the field to win;
In vain his fife and rattling drum,
By hymns inſpir'd, or ‖ fiery rum,
The Yankies drive him in.

IV.

" True;---you've ſalt pork enough in ſtore,"
And ſwear that *cool* Jack Montreſor
Excells Vauban in ſkill:
---Yet Britain's heroes bite the plain,
Her generous Chiefs round Howe are ſlain,
" And fall on Bunker's-hill."

* The officers ludicrouſly called the retreat from Lexington, where Lord Percy commanded----The Battle of Chevy Chace.

† Plumed---only denotes the feathers with which the caps of the light infantry (and ladies) are decorated, with ſo much grace and propriety; as feathers are emblems of lightneſs, even to a proverb.

‡ Lieut. Col. Smith of the 10th regiment, who commanded the grenadiers and light infantry of the whole army at Lexington.

§ If the firſt lord of the admiralty, ſo diſtinguiſhed for ſagacity and political knowledge, is to be credited, a grenadier's cap contains much *gorgonian* virtue: It has been announced ſo by his lordſhip; and who doubts his word?---In ſhort, the *ſtarvation* act, the Quebec, and Boſton port bills, ſupported by the tremendous nodding of a grenadier's cap, were eſteemed by his lordſhip and co. the mildeſt, beſt, and moſt perſuaſive mode of eſtabliſhing the ſupremacy of the Britiſh legiſlature, of proving the *virtual* repreſentation of America by the commons of England, and deducing the unlimited right of taxation from this conſtitutional principle. " The Americans (ſaid his lordſhip, in one of his ſpirited and elegant ſpeeches laſt ſeſſion) will down with their muſquets and run, before the grenadiers can adjuſt their caps."

‖ The *ſpirit-ſtirring* effects of rum, our ſoldiers are no ſtrangers to; but hymns are a yanky cordial, which an Engliſh ſoldier's ſtomach would nauſeate, tho' this *Cromwellian* ſpecific has been found an excellent preſervative againſt panic fears, by the enthuſiaſtic provincials.

" Some

" Some tuneful bard who pants for fame"
Shall conſecrate one deathleſs-name,
To future ages tell;
For Spartan valour here renown'd,
Where laurels ſhade the ſacred ground,
" Heroic *Warren fell."

V.

Tho' darkneſs all th' horizon ſhroud,
And from the eaſt yon thunder cloud
Menace deſtruction round;
---Yet Franklin, vers'd in nature's laws,
From ~~her~~ its dire womb the † lightning draws,
And brings it to the ground.

VI.

" Around him Sydneys, Hampdens throng,"
His ardent philoſophic tongue,
Can Roman zeal inſpire;
The ‡ Amphyctyon Council, hand in hand,
(Like the immortal Theban band)
" Catch his electric fire."

Penn's

* ——— Fame can twine
No brighter laurels round his glorious head
His virtue more to labour---fate forbids,
And lays him now in honourable reſt,
To ſeal his country's liberty by death.
GLOVER'S LEONIDAS, B. ii.

† Unhappily the wiſdom and moderation of our philoſophical and political Prometheus, ſo eminently diſplayed at the congreſs, have not as yet effected a conciliation, and thereby prevented the menaced ruin of the colonies, and the conſequent diſſolution of the Britiſh empire.---However, the noble earl's figurative language, (though ſomewhat ambiguous) ſeems to promiſe a "conſummation devoutly to be wiſhed."---But, as all *true* prophecies have commonly a *double* ſenſe, perhaps the biſhops of P-----, G----, or L----, may oblige the public with a different interpretation.

‡ ——— There a flame
Broke out, that clear'd, *conſum'd*, renew'd the land:

Penn's patriarch ſoul deſerts the ſkies,
*The ſpirit moves*---his children riſe
Impatient for the fight,
The cover'd brethren ſeek the Lord,
Reſume the abdicated ſword,
Dubb'd Warriors by * new light!

VII.

" Ev'n clergy preach the right divine,
---In arms on Roxbury hill to ſhine,
And loud Hoſannah's ſing;
With bold enthuſiaſtic hearts,
They ſpurn all *miniſterial* arts,
---But pray for Britain's king.

Can fleets or troops ſuch ſpirits tame,
Altho' they view their cities flame,
And deſolate their coaſt?
'Midſt diſtant wilds they'll find a home,
Far as the untam'd Indians roam,
And freedom's † lux'ry boaſt.

Illuſtrious was the ſcene---Nor Greece, nor Rome
Indignant burſting from a tyrant's chain,
While full of me, each agitated ſoul
Strung every nerve, and flam'd in every eye,
Had e'er beheld ſuch light and heat combin'd!
Such heads and hearts---Such fervent zeal, led on
By calm majeſtic wiſdom, taught its courſe
What nuiſance to devour, and bent ſincere
To clear the weedy ſtate, reſtore the laws,
And for the future to ſecure their ſway.
THOMSON'S LIBERTY.

* The noble prophet ſeems to treat the carnal efforts of the Pennſylvania quakers in the cauſe of freedom, with a reprehenſible levity.

† "We can retire beyond the reach of your navy, and without any ſenſible diminution of the neceſſaries of life, enjoy a luxury, which from that period you will want;---the luxury of being free."----The Addreſs of the Twelve United Provinces, to the Inhabitants of Great Britain.

VIII. " See

## VIII.

" See Corſic's hardy ſons * betray'd,"
Whilſt abject Britain ſhrinks afraid,
And drops her conquering lance;
No more the † ſuppliant ſtates ſhe ſaves,
But yields each generous ‡ people ſlaves,
" To tyranny---and France!"

" Our cringing ſtateſmen kneel (tho' late)"
To kiſs the hands of conquering Kate,
And trembling ſpeak their fear;
She deigns to raiſe them from the duſt;
---Like mild § Eliſha *now* they truſt
" In a ſhe Ruſſian bear."

## IX.

America, with juſt diſdain,
Will burſt degenerate Britain's chain,
And glorioufly aſpire;
I ſee new Lockes and Camdens riſe,
Whilſt other Newtons read the ſkies,
And Miltons wake the lyre.

* Lord Shelburne's dignified and manly conduct, in the progreſs of that diſgraceful negociation, will always be remembered to his honour.

† What bold invader, or what land *oppreſt*,
Hath not her anger quell'd, her aid redreſt.
TICKELL.

‡ Corſica---Poland---Dantzig.

§ The Jewiſh prophet, Eliſha, entered into an alliance, offenſive and defenſive, with a ſhe bear, from the wilderneſs, and commiſſioned her to deſtroy forty and nine children, for calling him *bald-pate*---The tender mercies of the mother country to the colonies, are ſarcaſtically repreſented by this alluſion to ſacred hiſtory.

Behold her blazing flag * unfurl'd,
To awe and rule the weſtern world,
And teach preſumptuous kings,
Tho' lull'd by ſervile flattery's dream,
The people's power's alone ſupreme,
From whom all power ſprings.

X.

Heaven's choiceſt gifts enrich her plain,
The red'ning orange, ſwelling grain,
Her genial ſuns refine;
For her the ſilken inſects toil,
The olive teems with floods of oil,
And glows the purple vine.

Her proweſs Albion's empire ſhakes,
Her thund'ring cataracts, † *ocean'd* lakes,
Diſplay great nature's hand;
And Europe ſees, with dread ſurpriſe,
Æthereal tow'ring ſpirits riſe,
To rule the wondrous land.

XI.

Why burſt from Britiſh tars thoſe ſighs,
Where victory bends, with weeping eyes,
O'er gallant ‡ Saunders' bier?

* The Americans are collecting a naval force.
KING'S SPEECH.

† Verbum ardens.

‡ Theſe ſudden, unexpected digreſſions, are conceived in the true ſtile of prophecy and lyric poetry. *Vide* Lowth's Prælectiones Hebraicæ, and Warburton Paſſim.

Near

Near Wolfe erect his trophy'd buſt,
Saviles embalms his ſacred duſt,
And Barré drops a tear.

His generous ardour only roſe
Againſt his country's---freedom's foes;
Thoſe glorious days are paſt:
A * coward's orders to perform
Lo! yon *ſea* Alva rides the ſtorm,
And drives the furious blaſt.

## XII.

Brighten the chain, the wampum tie,
Thoſe painted chiefs † raiſe war's fell cry,
And hail the feſtive hour;
The Congreſs binds the vagrant race,
As Heaven's own æther ſhines thro' ſpace,
Arm'd with attraction's power.

Even ‡ Frenchmen ſcorn your vile beheſt,
Indignant paſſions ſwell each breaſt,
And freedom's banner waves;
---Whole years *they* felt her flame divine,
Its cheering light can they reſign
To ſink *again* to ſlaves?

* There is an obſcurity bordering on the *ſublime* in this part of the prophecy: ---Perhaps it ſhadows out the nomination of Lord Howe to the command of the fleet, under the auſpices of Lord G---ge G-----n.

† The event will probably juſtify the prediction.

‡ Canada bill, eſtabliſhing arbitrary power by act of parliament, and the reception it met with from the Canadians, are rapidly glanced at by the noble prophet.

XIII. Fiery

## XIII.

Fiery Dunmore all fluſter'd runs
To ſeize and ſpike * five ruſty guns,
  Then gulps his brandy flaſk;
---Now boaſts his war-won ſpoils in ſtore,
As Quixote ſtyl'd the barber's ewer
  Mambrino's golden caſque.

Virginia's coaſt his gang infeſt,
Bombard a hen-rooſt, rob her neſt,
  The royal ſtandard fix!
'Till † Henry frights his valorous train,
Whips his free negroes to the chain,
  ---So end the hero's tricks!

## XIV.

'Midſt the ‡ ſnow ſtorm Montgomery ſhines,
Pierces your barrier---breaks your lines,
  With ſplendour marks his days;
He falls---the ſoldier---patriot---ſage!
His names illumes th' hiſtoric page,
  Crown'd with immortal praiſe.

* This part of the prediction is not to be underſtood literally; his lordſhip can only mean, that Lord Dunmore's celebrated exploits, are of no more conſequence than burning a hen-rooſt.---The reader may recollect a pompous account in the gazette, of his excellency's ſeizing a few condemned guns, which belonged to a privateer in the wars of Queen Anne.

† One of the delegates from the congreſs.

‡ "When every thing was prepared, the general waited the opportunity of a ſnow ſtorm to carry his deſign into execution.---Being obliged to take a circuit, the ſignal for the attack was given, and the garriſon alarmed before he reached the place; however, preſſing on, he forced the firſt barrier, and was juſt opening to attempt the ſecond, when he was unfortunately killed."

CONGRESS Account of the Action.

Bold emulation ſtands confeſt,
Thro' the firm chief's and yeoman's breaſt
Th' heroic paſſion runs;
Imperial ſpirits claim their place!
No venal honours lift the baſe,
When nature ranks her ſons.

## XV.

In feudal boors *we* vainly truſt,
To nature's law and charter juſt,
They feel a manly pride;
German with German ſhall * combine
To form the cloſe embattel'd line,
And range on freedom's ſide.

With hungry Scots, preſt from bleak hills,
And guards, reduc'd, by p-x and pills,
You form a motley rout;
Can ſuch a brilliant hoſt ſucceed,
Or conqueſt wait on troops who feed
On cabbage---and ſour erout?

## XVI.

Vain France and Spain's vindictive power,
Exulting wait th' auſpicious hour,
To ſpread war's dire alarms;
No more our fleets triumphant ride,
This † iſle of bliſs, with all her pride,
‡ *May* feel the Bourbon arms. XVII. Con-

* We are menaced with great deſertions among the Germans, in this part of the prediction.

† Thomſon.

‡ The noble Lord has qualified this ſtriking part of the prediction, by an indefinite expreſſion.---The prophet diſappears, and we are preſented with the pathetic



appre-

## XVII.

Contempt ſhall brand yon * pilfering train,
Who proſtitute their votes for gain;
D-----s and S----s ſhall tell
How coronets make raſcals great,
As royal patents aid a cheat,
And make quack med'cines ſell.

Copious and bright flows Shelburne's ſtrain,
Bold Richmond's patriot rage is vain,
When virtue is a crime;
With Attic wit, and Attic fire,
I ſee harmonious Burke aſpire,
And reach the true ſublime.

## XVIII.

I ſpy one mitred ſage, afar
From its court orbit, turn a † ſtar,
And lend it beams to glow;

apprehenſions of the patriot: nothing can be more characteriſtic of his lordſhip's feelings.---He might have alarmed us by a poſitive prophetic aſſertion; but the noble lord could not bear to ſay, "The Britiſh empire would fall by the united force of the family compact." He forgot the prophet, and only remembered that he was an Engliſhman.

* Meſſrs. D----, H---, and other honourable members of the houſe of commons, who enjoy lucrative contracts, for ſupplying the troops with lettuces, portable ſoup, dollars, oil, vinegar, &c. &c. &c.

† This is evidently prophetic of the duke of Grafton's converſion from the errors of the court of St. James's, by the biſhop of P-t-rb----gh; yet it has been erroneouſly ſugggeſted, that the pious tutor (like the Eaſtern ſages) worſhipped his pupil's blazing ſtar in all its wanderings---South---Weſt---or North.

My

My pardon, even G--ft-n wins,
For, Peter like, he weeps his * ſins,
Since † Yanky cocks can crow.

## XIX.

No more will kings court Britain's ſmiles,
No longer dread this queen of iſles,
No more her virtues charm!
Can ſhe, like Roman ‡ ſtrumpets *feel*,
Who 'gainſt their lovers point the ſteel,
And hire a bravo's arm?

## XX.

I ſcorn the ſervile Tories rage;
You're but their dupe, poor Tommy G-ge;
They'll leave you ſoon forlorn;
M-nſf--ld, of Jacobitiſh race.
And R-gby of unbluſhing face,
Will laugh your zeal to ſcorn.---

* The noble prophet, prejudiced by the intrepidity and heroiſm of his own character, ſarcaſtically alludes to the reaſons alledged by the duke, to apologiſe and juſtify his deſerting his maſter.---The ſupremacy of Great Britain, the conſtitutional right of taxing America, his grace contended for, always ſuppoſing the Americans would ſubmit, from a dread of the Britiſh arms. But when the noble duke found they had ſpirit enough to reſiſt, he wiſely pointed out, with great ſtrength of argument, and force of reaſon, the abſurdity, the impolicy, and impoſſibility of coercing them.

† Some experienced natural military philoſophers, confidently aſſerted, that the Yanky cocks were of a peculiar dunghill breed, and were diſtinguiſhed by wanting this characteriſtic of their ſpecies.---However, the fact has been contradicted by a crowd of witneſſes, who heard their ſhrill clarion diſtinctly, both at Lexington and Bunker's-hill, and very lately, within the walls of Quebec.---The learned biſhop took infinite pains to convince his noble pupil of this truth.---In a Good-Friday ſermon, (which will be ſoon publiſhed) the prelate has flattered the duke, by artfully drawing a parallel between his grace and St. Peter.

‡ America has long poured her treaſures into the lap of Britain; yet, ſays the noble prophet, ſhe now acts like a jealous, profligate courtezan, who hires an aſſaſſin to ſtab the generous lover, who has laviſhed his fortune to ſupport her in luxurious affluence.---The Heſſians and Brunſwickers are the political mercenary bravoes of a proſtitute adminiſtration.---

From Boſton you with ſhame retire,
Glad to eſcape from ſmoke and fire,
And *true blue* Preſbyterians:
Now teach Sir Jeffery, at your * club,
The Yanky cowards how to drub,
And ſcalp thoſe Oliverians.

## XXI.

Send him to prop the tottering crown,
With fire and ſword deſtroy each town,
"Or deſtine to the cord;"
Give him a title to his † coal,
And let ‡ *froſt bitten* Jeffery ſtrole
Round § Montreal---a lord.

* The American club, where General G-- frequently expatiated, with equal truth, modeſty, and ſpirit, on the cowardice of the Americans.

† The noble earl, actuated by a laudable zeal to promote the intereſt of thoſe officers who diſtinguiſhed themſelves in the late war, ſeems to approve, and recommend Sir Jeffery's claim to an exclusive grant of poſſeſſing and working the coal mines on the iſle of Cape Breton.---Sir Jeffery has obtained the reverſion of the Jeſuits in Canada, as thoſe reverend fathers are only tenants for life;---and it is ſaid, he will take his title from one of his ſeigniories in that country.

‡ The epithet, *froſt bitten*, ſeems more expreſſive and characteriſtic (eſpecially in the preſent inſtance) than *ſang froid*, which has been always eſteemed an eſſential in the compoſition of a great general.

§ The only Montreal comprehended in the dominions of the Britiſh empire, is ſituated in Kent, and contains the houſe, offices, and demeſnes of Sir Jeffery Amherſt, *K. B.*

FINIS.